Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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From Hilderbrands winter in Spitzbergen.

A CONTEST WITH POLAR BEARS.

They were resting, tired of work; on their beds, when Ivan heard an unusual noise and growling, mingled with yells. He rose up, and he believed he had been dreaming, when he heard it anew and more plainly than before. Immediately he waked up the others.

'I believe we are going to have another change of weather,' said he. 'Only listen to the storm.'

'A fine storm,' said the old pilot, 'get up and take your gun; it is the bears which are trying to break in!'

They quickly sprang up, seized their loaded guns, and hurried from the cave into the hut. Gregory carefully opened the little window. The air was as cold as possible; but clear and shining from the fiery northern lights, lay the valley covered with the dazzling snow before him. But what a sight! what horror! Five great white bears that had become ravenous from hunger, snuffling and howling, were trying to break into the door of the hut, which happily was fast bolted. Perhaps in a few moments the decayed timber would have been crushed in by their pressure, and our friends would have been lost, without rescue, if they had awakened a few minutes later. Ivan immediately shot at the nearest bear and hit him so well that he staggered. The shot reechoed through the rocky wall; some wolves which were lurking in the distance, to see if they might not also obtain their prey, raised a frightful yell and ran off. But the bears became the more furious, stood their ground all the more firmly. They were indeed at first somewhat startled at the flash of the powder, and the report of the gun resounding through the rocks, but soon fell into a still greater rage, which they at once vented upon their brother that had sunk under the shot, and pitched upon him furiously and tore him dreadfully.—From the pain of this tearing and rending, the almost lifeless animal was roused again, and now his rage being excited by the wound from the ball, and the mode of cure his friends had adopted with him, was raised to the hilghest degree. He fell furiously on the nearest of his neighbors, and in a short time they were biting and tearing each other

However great was the noise of the tearing and biting, however those inside might have looked on it when they were no more troubled with their enemies in the besieged hut, yet they were in continual fear lest the four might again muster and venture on a new attack, and very probably a more successful one against their door.

Ivan and Gregory, in the meantime were not idle spectators of the dreadful fight; they kept up a firing among them but not a single bear fell. Probably in the confusion in which the bears all were, they could get no sure aim. It is possible also, that the bears in their fury did not mind wounds, which else would have been severe and painful.

'The fray is becoming doubtful!' said the pilot: 'this noise may call here more of them, and thus add to the strength of the besieging force.' We must resort to another method!' he added after short reflection. 'Keep at your posts till I come back.'

With these words he hastened to the cavern, and caught up a package of squibs. He set fire to one of them and threw it among the bears, and it was fine sport to see how the thing jumped about among the hard frozen snow, like a will-o-the wisp, scattering sparks; and how with every report it made a side jump, and sometimes lighted on a bear's head, and then again on another's shaggy coat. They had never experienced such an honor. They were startled, put their paws growling up to their heads when the squib struck their faces, or they wallowed in the snow when it come into closer intercourse with their thick furs.

Not to let it all go off in a joke, Gregory and Ivan shot continually at them, while the old pilot threw some more squibs, and the enemy at last drew off, growling and limping, and greatly displeased, leaving one of their dead behind them. After the besieging force had withdrawn, our friends took possession of the enemy left, a monstrous white bear. With the greatest exertions, they succeeded in bringing him at first only into the hut, and bolted the door. They could not now think of trying to skin him and, cut up his flesh. There was something else to be done.

Affrighted by the dreadful cold, our friends had spent almost a whole month in the close heavy cavern, without going out into the open air. Now, as during the fight they had felt the beneficial effect of an almost intolerable but enlivening fresh air, they concluded to open the window of the hut, in order to give free access to the pure air. The walls were at once coated with ice and frost, and the vapor of the cabin and hut was changed into snow, yet this was nothing in comparison to the benefit which our friends experienced from the pure air.

'But we must have a sentinel stationed here, a sentinel with a light and a gun!' said the old pilot. 'I fear that our foe will be ashamed of their having been beaten off from their attack, and will come upon us before we have expected.'

Ivan and Gregory volunteered for this duty; the latter, clothed in his bear-skin, and setting his gun close by him, immediately took his post. Ivan and the pilot went into the cavern. Gregory had been there almost an hour without a bear showing himself, and he was already beginning to think that he might almost give up all care on account of the return of the enemy, when he heard a distant growling, continually approaching nearer and nearer. He immediately mentioned what he heard. The friends hurried out and looked through the opening, but perceived as yet no enemy on the clear, shining snow. 'You remember that not far from the hut, there was an opening in the rock which formed an entrance into the valley. The enemy could approach only on this side.' And in truth, soon a huge white bear showed himself at the corner of the rock, accompanied by half-a-dozen others, which under his lead, made directly for the hut.

The trench was no hindrance to them, it was full of snow, and this was covered with a thick crust of ice.

The besieging army came right forward, and probably the blood, or, as it is termed in the language of hunters, the sweat of their dead comrade, was the reason why the bears were yet more furious and violent than in their first attack.

But one of them distinguished himself by his savage efforts. No glowing, hissing, and fire-sprinkling squibs frightened him; whenever such a fire-brand struck him he became so much the more furious; growling and grating his teeth he put up his paws over his snout, and renewed his assaults with increased rage. In vain Ivan and Gregory shot at him, he minded no ball; his attacks were the more violent, and continually harder to resist; he smelt his dead comrade in the hut, and put out all the strength at his command anew, and crash!—he all at once dashed in the door, and the unwelcome guest was inside.

You can easily imagine that our friends were not very well pleased. It was now a fight for life or death. With bayonets they received the guest which had crowded himself upon them, and which reared himself up wrathfully, and spread out wide his great shaggy paws to grasp one of our friends, or possibly three of them, but suddenly stumbled over his dead comrade. Before he could get up again, the watchful old pilot placed the muzzle of the gun at his ear, fired, and the furious monster lay wallowing in his own blood. At the same moment Ivan and Gregory's bayonets were buried in the enemy's breast, until they became convinced that he was dead. The others stood at a distance to wait the result. Some squibs launched among them, showed them the back track, which they indeed, took unwillingly, but in great haste, and it was a matter of much joy to our friends to be so soon rid of them.

ENGLISH LUXURIOUSNESS.

Few of us whose lives are passed in republican simplicity, have any definite idea of the amount of wealth and splendor that surrounds many of the English nobles in their princely residences. An intelligent American writing from England describes some of these things:

The Earl of Spencer's homestead, about sixty miles from London, comprises ten thousand acres, tastefully divided into parks meadows, pastures, woods and gardens. His library, called the finest private library in the world, contains fifty thousand volumes. Extensive and elegant stables, green houses and conservatories, game keeper's house, dog kennels, porter's lodge, and farm houses without number, go to complete the establishment. Hundreds of sheep and cattle graze in the parks about the house.

The Duke of Richmond's home farm, at Goodwood, sixty miles from London, consists of twenty-three thousand acres, or over thirty five square miles. And this is in crowded England, which has a population of 16,000,000, and an erea of only 50,000 square miles, or just 32,000,000 of acres, giving, were the land divided, but two acres to each inhabitant. The residence of the Duke is a complete palace. One extensive hall is covered with yellow silk and pictures of the richest and most costly tapestry. The dishes and plates upon the table are all of procelain silver and gold. Twenty-five race horses stand in the stable, each being assigned to the care of a special groom. A grotto near the house, the ladies spent six years in adorning. An aviary is supplied with almost every variety of rare birds. Large herds of cattle, sheep and deer, are spread over the immense lawns.

The Duke of Devonshire's place at Chatsworth, is said to excel in magnificence, any other in the kingdom. The income of the Duke is one million of dollars a year, and he is said to spend it all. In the grounds about his house, are kept four hundred head of cattle, and fourteen hundred deer. The kitchen garden contains twelve acres, and is filled with almost every species of fruit and vegetables. A vast aboretum connected with the establishment, is designed to contain a sample of every tree that grows. There is also a glass conservatory 387 feet in length, 112 in breadth, 67 in height, covered, by 76,000 square feet of glass; and warmed by seven miles of pipes conveying hot water. One plant was obtained from India by a special messenger, and is valued at $10,000. One of the fountains near the house, plays 276 feet high, said to be the highest jet in the world. Chatsworth contains 35,000 acres, but the Duke owns 96,000 acres in the county of Debyshire. Within, the entire is one vast scene of paintings, sculpture, mosaic work, carved wainscoting, and all the elegancies and luxuries within the reach of almost boundless wealth and highly refined taste.

A LOCOMOTIVE DECLARATION.

We cut the following from the Knickerbocker. It is called "The Locomotive Declaration," and is certainly one of the cleverest things of the kind we have seen. The reader can almost feel the click-clack motion of the cars:—

THE LOCOMOTIVE DECLARATION.

By those cheeks of lovely hue;
By those eyes of deepest blue,
Which thy very soul looks through,
As if, forsooth, those clear blue eyes
Were portals into paradise;
By that alabaster brow;
By that hand as white as snow;
By that proud, angelic form;
By that rounded, clasic arm;
By those locks of raven hair:
By those vermeil lips, I swear;
By the ocean, by the air;
By the lightning and the thunder;
By all things on earth and under;
By the electric telegraph;
By my future "better half;"
By our vespers, by our dreams;
By our matins and Te Deums;
By young Cupid, by my Muse;
By—whatever else you choose;
Yes, I swear by all creation
And this endless "Yankee nation,"
That
I
love
you
like
tar-
na-
tion!

(*Whistles and stops.*)

THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

One evening, in the early part of the winter, the door bell rang with energy, and the servant, announced a man who wished to see me. A '*man*' is one thing with a servant, a '*gentleman*' another, and a '*person*' something different from either. The man stood in the hall, but I wondered why he had not been called a gentleman. I was puzzled where to place him myself. His dress was very neat, but plain and rather coarse. His linen, that badge of refinement, was white, in perfect order, and almost elegant. But nothing gave clue to his position in life. In all outward seeming he was simply a man. When he spoke to me his address was simple, clear, direct, and with a certain air of self-reliance, the furtherest possible from a vulgar bluster.

'Doctor,' said he, 'I wish you to come and see my child. We fear he is threatened with the croup.'

I put on my hat and departed to accompany him, for if the case was as he supposed, there was no time to lose. In this disease a single hour may make a life's difference.

In a moment we were walking up one of our broad avenues. The child, he said, had been playing out of doors, had eaten heartily at supper, gone to sleep, and wakened up a short time since very hoarse, with a croaking cough. The case was a pretty clear one, and I hurried my walk still more, and in a few moments we were at the door. We went up, up, up, to the fourth story. The last flight of stairs was carpeted, and a small lamp at the top lighted us up. An excellent and very durable kind of mat lay at the door. You will see in time why I give these little particulars.

I entered the open door, and was welcomed by a rather pretty and remarkable tidy woman, who could have been nobody in the world but the wife of the man who had summoned me.

'I am glad you have come so soon,' she said, in a soft accent. 'Little William is so distressed that he can hardly breathe.'

And the next moment as we passed through a narrow passage where he lay, I heard the unmistakable croup sound, that carries such terror to the parent's heart.

'Is it the croop, doctor?' asked the father with a voice of emotion, as I bent over the child—a fine boy three years of age.

'It is certainly the croup, and a pretty violent attack,' said I. 'How long is it since you thought him sick?'

'Not above half an hour,' was the calm reply. It was made calm by a firm self-control. I looked at the mother. She was very pale, but did not trust herself to speak.

'Then there is probably little danger,' I said, 'but we have something to do. Have you the water here?'

The husband went to what seemed a closet, opened two doors, and disclosed a neat pine bathing tub, supplied with the Croton. This was beyond my hopes, but I had no time to wonder. The little fellow was in a high fever, and laboring for every breath. Taking him from his little crib, where he lay upon a nice hair mattrass, fit for a prince to sleep on, I took off his clean clothes, stood him in a bathing tub, and made his father pour full upon his neck and chest three pails of cold water, while I rubbed them briskly with my hand. He was then wiped dry, and rubbed until his whole body was glowing like a flame. Then I wrung a large towel out of cold water, and put it around his throat, and then wrapped him up in blankets. The brave little fellow had borne it all without a complaint, as if he understood that under his father's eye no harm could come to him. In fifteen minutes after he was wrapped in blankets he was in a profuse perspiration, in a sound slumber, and breathing freely. The danger was over—so rapid is this disease and so easily cured.

Happiness had shed a serene light upon the countenance of the father, and thrown over the mother's face a glow of beauty. I looked upon them, and was more than ever puzzled where to place them. There was no marks of high breeding, not a shadow of decayed gentility about them. It was rather the reverse, as if they were working up from a low rank to a higher. I looked around the room. It was the bed room. Every thing in it was perfectly neat and orderly. The bed, like the crib, was excellent; but not costly. The white counterpane did not cost more than ten shillings—yet how beautiful it looked.

The white window curtains were shilling muslin, but their folds hung as richly as if they were damask—and how very appropriate they seemed. The bath with its strong folding doors, I knew had not cost, plumber's bill and all, more than ten dollars. The toilet-table, of an elegant form, and completely covered, I had no doubt was white pine, and cost half a dollar. The pictures on the wall were beautiful tinted lithographs—better, far betted, than oil paintings I have seen in the houses of millionaries; yet they can be bought at Goupil's, or Williams & Stephen's. for from three to five shillings, and a dollar a piece had framed them. The floor had carpet that seemed to match every thing, with its small neat figure, and a light chamber color. It was a jewel of a room, in as perfect keeping in all its parts, as if an artist had designed it.

Leaving the little boy to his untroubled sleep, and giving directions for his bath on his waking, we went into the other room, which was differently, but just as neatly, arranged. It might have answered for a parlor, only it had a cooking-stove, or an artist's studio, or a dining room. It was hung with pictures—heads, historical pieces, and landscapes; all such as a man of taste could select, and buy cheap; but which, like good books, are invaluable. And speaking of books, there was a hanging library on one side of the chimney, which a single glance assured me contained the very choicest treasures of the English language.

The man went to a bureau, opened a drawer, and took out some money.

'What is your fee, doctor?' he said, holding out the bills so as to select one to pay me.

Now I had made up my mind before I got half way up stairs, that I might have to wait for my pay—perhaps never get it, but all this had changed. I could not, as I often do, inquire into the circumstances of the man. There he stood, ready to pay me, with money enough, yet it was evident that he was a working man and far from being wealthy. I had nothing left but to name the lowest fee.

'One dollar does not seem enough,' said he. 'You have saved my child's life, and have been to more trouble than to merely sit down and write a prescription.'

'Do you work for your living?' said I, hoping to solve the mystery.

He smiled and held out his hand, which bore the unquestionable marks of honest toil.

'You are a mechanic?' I said, willing to know more of him.

'Take that,' he said, placing a $2 note in my hand, with a not-to-be-refused air, and I will gratify your curiosity, for there is no use in pretending that you are not a little curious.'

There was a hearty, respectful freedom about this that was perfectly irresistable. I put the note in my pocket, and the man in going to the door which opened into a closet of moderate side, displayed the bench and tools of a shoemaker.

'You must be an extraordinary workman,' said I, looking around the room which looked almost luxurious; but when I looked at each item, found that it cost but very little.

'No, nothing extra, I barely manage to make a little over a dollar a day. Mary aids me some. With the house-work to do, and our little boy to look after, she earns enough to make our wages average $8 a week. We began with nothing—we live as you see.'

All this comfort, the respectability, this almost luxury, for eight dollars a week.

'I should be very sorry if we spent so much,' said he. 'We not only manage to live on that but have something laid up in the savings' bank.'

'Will you have the goodness,' said I 'just to explain to me how you do it?' for I was really anxious to know a shoemaker and his wife earning but $8 a week could live in comfort and elegance, and lay up money.

'With pleasure,' he replied, 'for you may persuade others, no better off than I, to make the best of their situation.'

I took a chair which he handed me. We were seated, and his wife after going to listen for a moment to the soft and measured breathings of little Willie, sat down to her sewing.

'My name,' he said 'is William Carter. My father died when I was young and I was bound out an apprencice to a shoemaker, with the usual provisions of shooling. I did as the boys generally do at school; and as I was very fond of reading, made the most of my spare time and advantages of the Apprentice's Liberty. Probably the books that helped me most were the sensible writings of Wm. Cobbett. Following the example, I determined to give myself a useful education, and I have to some exient succeeded. But a man's education is a life-long process, and the more I learn the more I see before me.

'I was hardly out of my teens when I fell in love with Mary there, whom some people think very pretty, but whom I know to be very good.'

Mary looked up with such a bright loving smile as to fully justify some people in their notion.

'When I had been one year a journeyman and had laid up a few dollars, (for I had a strong motive to be saving) we were married. I boarded with her father, and she bound shoes for the shop where I worked. We lived a few weeks at her father's but it was not our home—the home that we wanted—so we determined to set up housekeeping. It was rather a small set up but we made it answer. I spent a week in househunting. Some were too dear, and some too shabby. At last I found this place. It was new and clean, high and airy, and I thought it would do. I got it for $50 a year—and though the rents around have advanced our landlord is satisfied with that, or takes it in preference to risking a worse tenant. The place was naked enough, and we had little to put in it, to serve ourselves, we went cheerfully to work, earned all we could, saved all we could, and you see what is the result.'

'I see, but I confess I do not understand it,' said I, willing to hear him explain the economies of his modest and beautiful home.

'Well, it is simple enough. When Mary and I moved ourselves here and took possession with a table, two chairs, a cooking-stove, a saucepan or two, and a cot-bed with a straw mattrass, the first thing we did was to hold a council of war.'

'Now Mary, my love,' said I, 'here we are.—We have next to nothing, and we have everything to get, and nobody but ourselves.'

We found that we could on an average earn eight dollars a week. We determined to live as cheaply as possible, save all we could and make ourselves at home. Our rent was a dollar a week—our fuel, light, water-rent and some little matters a dollar more. We have allowed the same amount for our clothing, and buying the best things and keeping them carefully, we dress well enough for that. Even my wife is satistied with her wardrobe, and finds that raw silk at six shillings a yard is cheaper, in the long run, than calico at a shilling. That makes three dollars a week, and we have our living to pay for. That does us with three in our family, just one dollar a week more.'

'One dollar a piece?'

'No—one dollar for all. You seem surprised; but we have reckoned it over. It cost us more at first, but now we have learned to live both better and cheaper—so that we have a clear surplus of four dollars a week, after paying all expenses of rent, fire, light, chothing and food. I do not count out luxuries, such as an evening at a concert, or a little treat of our friends when we give a party.

I know a smile came over my face, for he continued—

'Yes, give a party, and we have some pleasant ones, I assure you. Sometimes we have a dozen guests, which is quiet enough for comfort, and our treat is chocolate, cakes, blance mange, &c., costs as much as two dollars; but this is not very often. Out of our surplus which comes you see, to two hundred dollars a year—we have bought all you see, and have money in the bank.'

'I see it all,' said I, 'all but the living. Many a mechanic spends more than that for cigars to say nothing of liquor. Pray tell me precisely how you live.

'With pleasure. First of all then, I smoke no cigars, chew no tebacco, and Mary takes no snuff.'

Here the pleasant smile came in, but there was no interuption, for Mary seemed to think that her husband knew what he was about, and could talk without her aid.

'I have not drank a glass of liquor since the day I was married. I had read enough physiology to make up my mind that tea and coffee contained no nutriment, and were poisonous besides; and I tried a vegetable diet long enough to like it better than a mixed one, and to find that it agreed with me better, and as we have read and experienced together, of course Mary thinks as I do.'

But what do you eat and drink?' I asked, curious to see how far this self-thaught philosopher had progressed in the laws of health.

'Come this way and I will show you,' he said, taking a light and leading the way into a capacious store room. 'Here, first of all, is a mill which cost me twelve shillings. It grinds all my grain, gives me the freshest and most beauuiful meal and saves tolls and profits. This is a barrel of wheat. It costs less than two cents a pound, and a pound of wheat a day, you know, is food enough for any man. We make it into bread, mush, pies and cakes. Here is a barrel of potatoes. There are some beans, a box of rice, tapioca and macaroni. Here is a barrel of apples, the best I can find in the market. Here is a box of sugar, and this is our butter jar. We take a quart of country milk a day I buy my other things down town, by the box or barrel, wherever I can get them best and cheapest.

Making what we eat as much or bread, and all made coarse, without boiling—and potatoes, or hominy, or rice, the staple, you can easily see that a dollar a week for provisions is not only ample, but allows of a healthy and even luxurious variety. For the rest, we eat greens, vegetables, fruit and berries in their season. In the summer we have strawberries and peaches, as soon as they are ripe and good. Mary will get a dinner from these materials at the cost of a shilling, better than the whole bill of fare at the Astor.'

I was satisfied. Here was a comfort, intelligence, taste and modest luxury, all enjoyed by an humble mechanic, who knew how to live at the cost I have mentioned. How much useless complaining might be prevented if all the working men were as wise as William Carter.

I never shook a man or woman by the hand with a more hearty respect than when I said 'Good night' to this happy couple, who, in this expensive city, are living in luxury and growing rich on eight dollars a week, and making the bench of a shoemaker the chair of practical philosophy.

Reader, if you are inclined to profit by this little narrative, I need not write out any other moral than the injunction of Scripture, 'Go and do likewise.'

[*N. Y. Paper.*

ASA KNOLLIN'S ADVENTURE.

BY THE 'OLD 'UN.'

Asa T. Knollins was a genuine specimen of the Down East Yankee—a log-chopping, trading, fishing, sea-going, amphibious animal, passing his time between the ocean and the main-land. In one of his voyages before the mast he went to Porto Rico, and by some chance it happened that his vessel sailed without him. Asa felt somewhat home-sick when compelled to prolong his visit, and watched eagerly for an opportunity of returning to his own native land.

One evening as he was walking along the sea-side in melancholy guise, he was suddenly surrounded by a gang of British soldiers, belonging to the sloop-of-war Terrible, commanded by Captain Bagshot, and then busy in taking water and other stores preparatory to a continuance of her three years cruise. Asa was disposed to show fight at first, but as the press-gang was armed with cutlasses, he concluded his policy was to submit quietly, and so he entered the barge without opposition, and was taken on board the sloop.

That night he lay awake, brooding over his misfortunes, he chalked out his conduct, which was no other than to feign simplicity, amounting almost to idiocy, and to display as little knowledge of seamanship as possible. He knew how to throw into his countenance an air of complete vacancy and innocence, calculated to throw the shrewdest observer off his guard.

The next day at noon, a dish of boiled beans was set before him without any fixings. Our friend flared up at the meagreness of the entertainment.

'Biled beans and no pork!' he exclaimed. 'This is a little too mean, I swow! 'Taint fit for a dog!'

'Hadn't you better complain to the captain?' asked the black-whiskered boatswain, with a sneer.

'That's it, old sea-hoss,' remarked Knollins. 'That's a bright idee! Capt'n! So I will.'

And regardless of opposition he bolted into the cabin, where Capt. Bagshot sat at dinner with three or four officers.

'Who the devil are you?' asked the captain, fiercely fixing his savage eyes on the Yankee.

'Who be I?' ejaculated Knollins.—'Why, I'm Asa T. Knollins, cap'n. I hope you're well—and how's the folks to hum? Pretty spry, eh?'

'Your name's Jonathan, I guess,' said Capt. Bagshot, mimicking the nasal tone of Knollins.

'No it ain't, its Asa T. Knollins, captain.'

'Well, what do you want of me?'

'Seems to me you live pretty well here, captain,' said Asa looking over the table. 'Pretty tall fodder. Chickens, hams, pine apples, and o-be-joyful. You cook hain't did the clean thing by us, though. I s'pose you know nothing about it, so I thought I'd step up here and let you know how they serve us down stairs. Why, captain, they give us beans without pork.'

'Beans without pork! Astonishing!' exclaimed the captain, willing to humor the character.'

'Yes, captain, beans without pork.—Don't that beat all natur?'

'What do you live on when you're at home?' asked the captain.

'Pork and beans, biled chowder, flapjacks and doughnuts,' answered Asa.

'What are flapjacks?' asked the captain.

Don't you know what flap-jacks are? Why I thought every fool know'd that.—There're made out of flour and eggs, and milk, and water, beaten up ker-slap, and then they're slotted into a fryin' pan and done brown, and served up with butter, and molasses and butter, which ever you choose, and if they don't go down slick, there's no suns in Roxbury.'

'You seem to like molasses,' said the captain.

'Well I guess I du,' said Asa. But not raw as your fellers eat it.

'How then?'

'Wall, I like to run a stick into the bunghole of a hogshead, and then pull it out and drop it through my mouth.—Ain't it good then? Well I guess it is.'

'Well, Jonathan.'

'Asa, captain.'

'Jonathan, I say, you can go now, and I'll see about the pork to-morrow.'

Asa went went back to his astonished shipmates, reporting that the captain was a 'pretty slick sort of a feller.'

One day when the men didn't 'tumble up' from below with the requisite alacrity, the boatswain, rattan in hand, gave each of them a 'reminder' with his stick as he came on deck. Asa was the last, as usual, but watching the boatswain's bamboo, he caught the weapon in his hand and dexterously twisted it out of the officer's grasp.

'Hallo! whiskers!' said he. 'I hope nou didn't mean to hit me, 'cause it hurts a feller. No, you didn't—wall I thought so—I forgive you, and he threw the rattan overboard, escaping to the quarter-deck, where his originality and supposed imbecility secured him impunity. In fact, he was treated as a privileged buffoon by the officers.

Taking up a cannon ball one day, he asked—

'What in the world is this yere, captain?'

'That's what we keep to pepper the Yankees with, answered Bagshot.

'Want to know?' said Asa. 'How do you work it?'

'We put 'em into those big guns and fire 'em off.'

'Swow! you don't say so. Do they travel pretty fast, captain?'

'So you can't see 'em.'

'Hurt a feller if they hit?'

'Yes, when they are fired out of a gun.'

'Not otherways?'

'No.'

'Then here goes!' cried Asa, and handling the missile like a bowling ball, he let it drive among the legs of the officers and men, shouting: 'hurrah! let her rip.'

Cries of rage and pain followed.

'Seems to me captain,' said Asa, coolly, 'them 'ere things does hurt a feller, even if they hain't fired out of a gun.'

One day captain Bagshot called Asa aft. 'Jonathan,' said he, 'there's a boat alongside; you may get your traps together, and go ashore. I think his Majesty can do wi hout you.'

'Wall, captain, replied Asa, 'fore you spoke I'd pretty much made up my mind to quit. I can make better wages fishin', by a great sight. Besides I want to go home to see the folks. Good bye, cap'n, I shall see you again.'

'I think not,' said the captain.

'Guess I shall. Good bye,' said Asa, and with a light heart he bid adieu to the Terrible.

More than three years after, during the war of 1812, a British armed vessel lying at St. Johns, was boarded and carried, in a dark night by a daring baud of American privateersmen. The men were secured one by one, as they came up.—The leader of the expedition then sought the commander and demanded his sword. Indignant and confounded, Captain Bagshot asked the name of his captor.

'Lord bless you captain,' answered a familiar voice, 'don't you know me? I'm Asa T. Knollins, that boarded along o' you, a spell back at Porto Rico. I told you I guessed I should see you agin, and when a Yankee guesses anything it's sure to happen. Make yourself comfortable, captain, and excuse me for a moment, w've got to haul down your flag, run up the stars and stripes, and work the vessel into Portland.'

GRENADIERS FOR HUNGARY.

The public has observed the large numbers of young men wearing the Hungarian hat and feather since the visit of Kossuth to this city; but is the public aware that they are members of a regiment of Grenadiers organizing for the "world's battle on the banks of the Danube?' We don't believe it is, and therefore requests its humble acknowledgements for the information.

These young men average five feet four inches in height, ninety-eight pounds in weight and sixteen years in age. The regiment, of say sixteen hundred of them, will be irresistible when they land on the shores of the Danube, if not sooner. We understand that since the organization commenced they have employed all their holiday money in the purchase of the all important Hungarian hat, and garrets and lofts have been ransacked to unearth from the *debris* their grandmothers' black ostrich feathers. These render their equipments complete. Their tight breeches, admirably fitted to display their total want of calf, at least in the lower extremities, and their little coats—a compromise between a monkey jacket and a sacque—have already been furnished by the providence of their fathers or the improvidence of their tailors.

The most serious difficulty that these young men have to contend with, has been the cultivation of the Kossuth whiskers and mustaches, another indispensible qualification for the Hungarian service. The recent extraordinary rise in the prices of hair tonics and bear's oil can, we are confident, be traced to this source. They have also "run their faces" at Bazin's and other perfumers for most extraordinary quantities of hair dye, to give the proper Hungarian tinge to the hirsute adornments of their lips and cheeks. Thus they realize the aspiration of dying for Hungary, even before leaving their anxious mothers!

The volunteers in this perilous service against the absolute powers of Europe may be seen almost hourly in Chesnut st. They especially haunt the eating-houses and bar-rooms, their unmistakeable motto being 'Hungary—and thirsty.' They have a good word to say to every civilian that comes in, and are never known to decline 'a fip's worth' in the cause proclaimed by their motto. They also may be seen about the entrances to segar shops, ready for a smoke with any unfeathered biped who may be stimulated to a segar's worth of sympathy by the sight of their black plumes. They go to concerts when they can get free tickets, and during the singing, honor the performers by enthusiastic talking—of course all about Hungary. They also hang about the entrances of theatres, ready to accept the first check offered by any departing dead head, who may be moved to sympathy by the silent appeal of the hat and feather. They eschew the old Yankee 'hurrah' and cry '*Eljen Kossuth!*' and occasionally '*Eljen Cass!*' '*Eljen Douglass!*' '*Eljen Webster!*' They avow themselves bound, body, breeches boots and black feather, to the doctrine of 'the solidariety of the peoples,' and each one of them is ready to unsheath the sword of Washington, or any other weapon they may be furnished with, for the purpose of decapitating Francis of Austria and Nicholas of Russia.

We have a profound respect and admiration for these young heroes. As we were passing up Chesnut street during one of the recent slippery days, we met one, and as we paused to admire his lofty carriage and impressive feather, down he